*ZEPHHRIA** 85

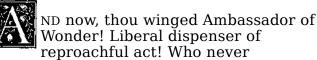
CANZON 38,



ROM the revenue of thine eyes' Exchequer, My faith, his Subsidy did ne'er detract! Though in thy favour's

book, I rest a debtor; Yet, 'mongst account ants who their faith have crackt, My name thou findest not irrotulate! I list not stand indebted to infame; (Foul them befall who pay in counterfeit! Be they recognised in black Book of Shame!) But if the Rent, which wont was of assize, Thou shalt enhance, through pride and coy disdain I Exacting double tribute to thine eyes; And yet encroachest on my heart's domain: Needs must I wish (though 'gainst my foyalty), That thou unsceptered be of Nature's royalty 1

CANZON 39.



whisperest, but in a voice of thunder! Explor'st what secrecy would fain have darked! "Tell my ZEPHERIA! (sith thou nill be silenced!) My hopes on her calm smiles did them embark; Whose sunny shine seemed to have licensed From them, all fear of tempest, or of wreck.

Now, on the shelf of her brows* proud disdain, A harbour, where they looked for asile, The pilot who, 'fore now, did expect rain, His bark in seas are all ydrenched, alack the while! Till if, at last, she all, through fear, excordiate, Command thee not to peace, ere thou exordiate! ⁿ